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Dalfe - The Enchantress. 1852

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A New and Original Opera,

IN THREE ACTS,

ENTITLED

THE ENCHANTRESS.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14TH, 1845.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THAT THEATRE,

BY M. W. BALFE.

THE LIBRETTO WRITTEN BY

M. D. ST. GEORGES & MR. BUNN.

PHILADELPHIA:

KING & BAIRD, PRINTERS, 9 SANSON ST.

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~~Muz 575.453.3~~

1868, April 30,
Gift of John G. Palfrey.
(Class of 1815.)

CHARACTERS IN THE OPERA, CHESTNUT STREET.

Duke d'Aquila	Mr. Ray.
Galéas (<i>First Minister</i>)	Mr. Mason.
Seneschal	Mr. G. Lingard.
Chief of the Senate	Mr. Lomas.
Don Sylvio	Mr. Hudson.
Doctor Mathanasius	Mr. Thayer.
Ramir (<i>disguised as the Hermit "Fra Antonio"</i>)	Mr. Mayer.
Chief of the Assassins	Mr. Bradley.
Josè (<i>a Peasant</i>)	Mr. Thomas.
First Officer	Mr. Roberts.
Second Officer	Mr. Hall.
First Pirate	Mr. Hunt.
Second Pirate	Mr. Gore.
Third Pirate	Mr. Denham.
First Peasant	Mr. Vanhorn.
Second Peasant	Mr. Frank.
Stella (<i>the "Enchantress"</i>)	Mad'e Thillon.

Nobles, Ladies, Magistrates, Senators, Officers, Heralds, Pursuivants, Royal Guards, Pages, Esquires, Soldiers, Pirates, Gipsies, Greek Slaves, Citizens, Peasants, Servants, Masqueraders, Assassins, &c. &c.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Hermitage of "Our Lady of the Woods," situated on a lofty mountain of the Abruzzi, near Chietti, the approach to which is by steps cut in the rocks—it commands a picturesque view, bounded by forests and high mountains in the horizon—on the O. P. the statue of "Our Lady," near which a lamp is burning.*

As the curtain rises, a religious chant is heard in the valley, which gradually increases as the procession of the Rogation is seen ascending the steps leading to the Hermitage—young Girls and Youths carrying wreaths of flowers, which they place at the feet of the statue, while some Peasants ring the Hermit's bell. Enter FRA ANTONIO, the Hermit, on whose appearance they all kneel, and he gives them his blessing.

CHORUS.

(Heard first in the distance, then on the stage.)

Bend before high Heaven the knee
In faith and in humility !
Pray that the parch'd and barren ground
With plenty may once more abound ;
And now where drought and want appal
Its dews may bountifully fall.
Lift up on high this solemn strain,
Where sorrow never pleads in vain !

Fra. Ant. Doubt not your prayers will be heard.

CHORUS (*animated.*)

Blest be the holy man, whose word
 Hath told us that our prayer is heard ;
 Blest be the Hermit, in whose cell
 All that are good and pious dwell ;
 Blest be the Hermit, from whose home
 Things that are also good, do come !
 For body and soul all cheer
 Is sure to be met with here !

During the Chorus, MATHANASIUS has been seen ascending the rocks, and at its termination he enters.

Math. I come to inquire after my young friend, Sylvio.

Fra Ant. Ah ! the brave and noble youth brought up by you.

Math. I can't answer for his nobility, because his family is equally unknown to either of us—but he's too brave by half—riding from morning till night all over these mountains, on a wild sort of a horse, at the risk of breaking his neck every ten minutes.

Fra Ant. Heaven will protect him.

First Pea. Provided he does not fall in with the Enchantress of Saint Michael.

All. Woe be to the Enchantress.

First Pea. She never makes her appearance, but misfortunes are sure to follow—hail, and thunder, and floods !

Math. Oh ! you've an Enchantress among ye, have ye ! what a lucky set of people—I never met with one, except in my books, and I should have no objection to make such acquaintance, if she's of real flesh and blood—but who is this strange creature ?

Fra Ant. I will tell you what they relate of her in these parts :

BALLAD.

She is seen when the vapours of morn arise,
 When the dews of even fall—
 When the moonbeams break through the cloudy skies,
 And shine on the cloister's wall ;
 When earth is troubled, or thick the air,
 The sorrow to some
 On many may come,
 For the Sorceress then is dwelling there !

CHORUS.

When earth is troubled, or thick the air,
 The sorrow to some
 On many may come,
 For the Sorceress then is dwelling there !

SECOND VERSE.

She is seen on the loftiest mountain's brow,
 In caves of the hollow rock,
 Which mortal footsteps do never plough,
 And mortal approach which mock;
 When earth is troubled, or thick the air,
 The sorrow to some
 On many may come,
 For the Sorceress then is dwelling there !

CHORUS, (*repeated.*)

When earth is troubled, or thick the air, &c.

[MATHANASIUS *seems stupified—at this moment a shot is heard in the valley.*

First Pea. What means that sound ?

[*All rushing up to back.*

Math. (exclaiming) A horse knocked down on the brink of the precipice, and its rider perhaps killed. Run—run.

[*They all run out in a body, followed by MATHANASIUS, except FRA ANTONIO, who claps his hands, and three men, dressed in black appear at his bidding.*

Fra Ant. Who fired ?

Man. I!

Fra Ant. Who commanded thee ?

Man. One who commands us all.

Fra Ant. Good—they are coming back—disappear—but be not far off.

(*The three men conceal themselves amongst the rocks, and MATHANASIUS returns supporting SYLVIO in his arms, surrounded by the Peasants, running about in great disorder.*

[SYLVIO, *who has only been stunned by the fall, gradually recovers.*

Sylvio. Thanks, thanks, my good Mathanasius.

Math. What has befallen thee ?

Sylvio. Let me try and recollect.

AIR AND CHORUS.

As borne on my unruly steed,
 As fleet as foot could go,
 I reached yon mountain's ridge with speed,
 And saw the gulph below ;
 While standing near me, unamazed,
 When aid I sought to win,
 A spirit witnessed, as she gazed,
 The danger I was in.

As in her smile, where beauty played,
 She bade me place my trust,
 A ball from yonder coppice laid
 My courser in the dust.
 That form, though oft at distance seen,
 I never met before,
 Or all my heart's delight had been
 Its image to adore !

Math. Describe her look—

Sylvio As soft and light
 As morning's dew of silvery white—
 Her form is bound by scarf of red,
 And veil of gold adorns her head—
 While 'neath its texture far more fine,
 The brightest eyes on earth do shine !

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

'Tis she ! 'tis she ! whose witch's hand
 Has desolated all the land,
 Death to the Sorceress—hasten and trace
 The spot accursed of her hiding place !

Sylvio. Stop ! she's the angel of life to me—

Chorus. In her the angel of death we see—
 Rush over thicket, climb up the hill,
 Where fire can burn, or weapon can kill.

Sylvio. (*with energy*) If ye've the courage of men, forbear,
 Nor seek the life of a being so fair.

Chorus. Follow, follow, heed not him,
 Find out the Sorceress, scatter each limb
 Over the earth she has laid so bare,
 And let her of those who would till it, beware !

Repulsing SYLVIO, and rushing out among the mountains.

Fra Ant. (*Restraining SYLVIO*) Calm yourself, my son, they will not find her whom they seek.

Sylvio. How so ?

Fra Ant. Why, if she be a Sorceress, she'll easily escape their blows.

Sylvio. I have no faith in any good or evil spirits, which are only to be met with in the musty books of the library of our old ruined tower, and my worthy pastor has tried all his alchemy in vain, to find out the secret of my birth.

Math. The fact is, good Hermit, that is an extraordinary history :

One night, about eighteen years ago, I had just landed in your fine kingdom of Naples, when a knocking was heard at the door of the fisherman's hut, where I was to pass the night—I ran to open it, when a man, dressed in black, and endowed with a most villainous countenance, placed in my hands a very large purse, and a very little baby, saying in a terrible voice. "Go into the Abruzzi mountains—take possession of the old Castle of St. Michael—it is thine—carry this child with thee—one day, perchance, thou may'st be happy and rich." I did as I was bid.

Sylvio. (*laughing*) We are certainly happy, but it would puzzle any one to be poorer than we are.

Math. Since you doubt all prodigies, I have a great mind to attempt a little bit of conjuration, just to convince you of your folly.

Sylvio. If I can but see this Enchantress, or Sorceress, as they call her, the sooner you begin, the better—and if you succeed, I *will* believe—so commence your conjuration.

Math. Here it is, in this wonderful volume—"The DEMONIOMANIA," composed for the benefit of all classes of society, desirous of giving themselves up to—the gentleman in black.

Opens the book.

CHANT.

Math. In Lucifer's name, and that of his crew,
Spirit of evil appear to our view!
List to a challenge more fitting by far
Goblin, or fairy, or sunbeam, or star,
Come hither, come!

Sylvio. Oh pry'thee come!

Fra Ant. Be silent! behold o'er the darkened sky,
Where the thunder rolls, and lightnings fly!
Oh do not come!
[*Loud thunder heard—indication of a storm.*]

Math. In Belzebub's name
Thy presence I claim.

Fra Ant. By the spell of fear
Which prevaieth here—

Math. Appear! appear!

Fra Ant. Do not appear!

(*The lightning suddenly flashes, and STELLA appears at the back of the Hermitage, she is dressed in a picturesque and brilliant manner, and her head is covered with a black veil, studded with gold stars; FRA ANTONIA falls on his knees terrified; MATHANASIVUS lets the book fall out of his hand, and SYLVIO gazes on the SORCERESS with delight.*)

THE ENCHANTRESS.

RECITATIVE.—STELLA.

To the regions of earth,
 Whence I sprung, at my birth,
 Your call was conveyed—
 From the realms of the air,
 For I also dwell there—
 That call I obey'd.

AIR.

I've love spells for the young coquette,
 And charms for her who's jealous too;
 For lovers, secrets which they yet
 Ne'er read in fondest billet-doux.
 In me all spirits, good or bad,
 Their trust repose, and love me well,
 For I, with beings light or sad,
 The regions people where they dwell.

ENSEMBLE.

<i>Fra Ant.</i>	<i>Math. and Sylvio.</i>
Oh what a fearful sight,	Oh, what a true delight,
It doth the soul affright,	To find on such a site,
That one whom guilt so dyes,	One in whose radiant eyes
Should have such lovely eyes.	Such matchless beauty lies.

SECOND VERSE.

<i>Stella.</i>	If I possess a single charm, Which over mortal gaze hath sway, Beneath it is some hidden harm, To steal such happiness away, Oh, then, mistrust my baneful smile, My love is a deceitful thing, Which, for a moment, may beguile, But, wanting heart, will soon take wing.
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ENSEMBLE.

<i>Fra Ant.</i>	<i>Math. and Sylvio.</i>
Oh, what a fearful sight,	Oh, what a true delight,
It doth the soul affright,	To find, on such a site,
That one whom guilt so dyes,	One in whose radiant eyes
Should have such lovely eyes.	Such matchless beauty lies.

Fra Ant. (to STELLA) Retire—

Stella. (smiling) And is this how you receive all the pretty girls, who pay you a visit? It is said you are not quite so stern to a certain Jianina, whom you shrieve at night in preference to the morning.

Fra Ant. Vade retro Satanas.

Stella. In the first place, I am not Satan, and in the next place, I came because you called me.

Fra Ant. It was not I.

Math. 'Twas I!

Stella. So much the worse.

Math. Why so?

Stella. Because I would much rather it had been that young cavalier.
[pointing to SYLVIO.]

Sylvio. Be satisfied—it was at my request the doctor exorcised thee.

Stella. And what do you want with me?

Sylvio. To thank you for having saved my life.

Stella. Do you know why I did so? In the true spirit of a demon, I saved your body to possess your soul.

Sylvio. (enraptured) No matter! body and soul alike are thine.

Math. My pupil is getting on too fast—but it is terrible to think that such a bewitching creature should be exposed to any danger from these brutes of peasants, who have sworn her destruction.

Sylvio. Good heavens! I forgot! Save thyself.

Stella. I am well aware that persons are in pursuit of me, and bent on my life; but I await them and their muskets: they are even now climbing the steps of the Hermitage, and will instantly be here.

Sylvio. (advancing) They shall kill me before they can reach thee.

Stella. Their bullets will not harm me, but you; and if I consent to fly it is for your sake alone—

Math. They are here (pointing to some peasants arriving.)

Sylvio. Shall I not see you again?

Stella. Yes!

Sylvio. When?

Stella. To-night!

Sylvio. And where?

Stella. In a dream.

[Disappearing by the steps of the Hermitage, and making a mysterious sign to FRA ANTONIA, just as a body of armed Peasants make their appearance.]

First Pea. There she is. (Pointing to the path where STELLA has disappeared.)

Sylvio. Wretches, commit not such an act of infamy. (Knocking aside their muskets.)

Pea. Of justice! Down with her! Fire on the sorceress!

[Instantly three or four shots are fired in the direction which STELLA took.]

Sylvio. Oh heavens! unhappy creature—she is hit! I saw her disappear behind a rock.

Pea. Well shot—there's her veil falling down the precipice—she's dead!

All. She's dead!

[All hurry out in a body from the Hermitage, while SYLVIO, who was on the point of rushing after them, staggers and falls down on one of the seats.]

Math. (*approaching him with great anxiety*) Good heavens! he has swooned, and in this miserable hole, with no one to help him. (*Then addressing FRA ANTONIO, he exclaims*) I'll run for an elixir, and return instantly.

[*Exit MATHANASIVS.*]

Fra Ant. (*assuring himself that no one sees him*) The moment is favorable, (*he pours a few drops out of a bottle under his vest into a rustic cup, and applies them to SYLVIO's lips, whose head falls on his breast, when suddenly enter NUGUEZ and PACHECO.*

Nug. Is he dead?

Fra Ant. (*smiling*) Oh no—only asleep.

[*FRA ANTONIO touches a spring, and the seat on which SYLVIO is sleeping, descends with him under ground.*]

Nug. Where is he going?

Fra Ant. Into the cavern—such is Stella's order.

Nug. Be it so. (*then laughing*) A good voyage, my Lord, we shall meet again below by the time you wake.

Ramir. (*throwing off his hermit's disguise*) To the cavern!

Nug. and Pac. To the cavern!

[*All three going off hastily.*]

SCENE II.—*The Pirate's Cavern, to which a staircase cut in the rocks leads—the walls are decorated with arms of every description—at the back, a door concealed by a tiger's skin, which serves for a drapery—the Cavern is lighted by an opening from above, through which a rich moonlight is streaming.*

NUGUEZ, SACRIPANTI, FORTE BRACCHIO, PACHECO, and other
Pirates enter.

CHORUS.

Comrades and friends, from battle and strife
Hither we come for a calmer life;
An altered scene—for we've changed our berth
From the sea, to the centre of mother earth,
Wherein is treasured the wealth we possess,
And her we love with such tenderness.

Nuguez. Who saw her to day?

For. Bra. At early dawn
I watched her, tripping as light as a fawn,
To gather simples, our wounds to heal!
Nugue. Her gentle care we ever feel—
Devoted to Tellés we vow'd to fulfil
Her murdered father's will.
For. Bra. } We've sworn to defend her with heart and with hand,
and all. } As the chief, as the queen, as the pride of our band,

Enter RAMIR, having thrown off his Hermit's guise.

Ramir. Listen! having sworn to live and die for Stella, her wishes and caprices have thus far been our law; but enraged as the peasantry now are against her, unite with me in persuading her to leave the country.

Nugue. Should she refuse!

Pirate. Implore her.

Nugue. And should she resist—

Ramir. Compel her.

Nugue. Not I, for one!

Another. Nor I!

Another. Nor I!

Ramir. Well, all I ask you is to speak as I shall.

Pirates. All! all!

Ramir. Silence—here she is.

CHORUS.

Ever be happy and light as thou art,
Pride of the pirate's heart!
Long be thy reign
On the land, o'er the main,
By the glaive, by the chart,
Queen of the pirate's heart!

[*This animated chorus breaks out on the appearance of STELLA, who enters at the door in the back ground; and, as she descends the stage, the pirates surround her, some kissing with joy her hands, which she holds out to them, others kneeling before her, holding her gown, or trying even to touch her garments.*

Stella. Ramir, thou hast played thy part of hermit well, a hard task for a good pirate, and I am satisfied with thee. [*giving him her hand.*

Ramir. That's more than I am with you—your hardy excursions may lead to ruin, and from this moment I beseech you to remain amongst us.

Stella. I refuse your request.

Ramir. To save your life we will compel you.

All. Yes, compel you!

Stella. (*energetically*) And which of you will dare? Am I not queen and sovereign mistress here?

Pirates. Yes.

Stella. And have I not the sole right to issue orders and impose laws?

Ramir. But if—

Stella. Be silent! Have you forgotten that my father made me your chief? And have you not all sworn eternal obedience to me?

Pirates. Yes, all.

Stella. Then hear me, all. Do not imagine that the mere whim of a young girl has made me enact the fantastical character of sorceress, but know that if I consent to live amongst ye, a sacred vow imposes such duty on me, to accomplish the task marked out for me by my father; without you, I know I can do nothing, but with you I can complete my arduous undertaking. Choose then, blind obedience, and I remain with you—resistance to my will, and I leave you for ever.

For Bra. We'd die first!—command, order, and to the last man we'll perish to serve you.

Stella. Ramir, do you, who are alone in my secret, refuse to follow me?

Ramir. Forgive me! (*falling on one knee.*) One day, perhaps, you will know me better—order, and I obey.

Pacheco. (*entering*) The stranger who descended into the cavern, seems about to wake.

Stella. There's not a moment to lose!—transport him into the fairy grotto of this subterranean palace, where you have collected for me all the world's treasures, to make it an enchanted abode.

Ramir. (*aside to STELLA*) But should this youth recognize you?

Stella. Did I not tell him he should see me again in a dream, and for that purpose did you not throw him into a profound sleep, by my orders? It is by the illusions we are about to present to him, surrounded as I shall be by the young slaves you brought hither to aid me, and who are now become my friends, I hope to point out to him the line of conduct he is to follow, and to commence the fulfilment towards him of my father's wish.

Ramir. (*aside to STELLA*) But are you not aware he loves you?

Stella. (*haughtily*) I am very well aware that I ought never to love him; but hear my final orders. Nuguez, do you repair to the Marquis de Monte Fior, secretary at war to the Regent of Sicily, and ask him for a captain's commission, he will refuse you; but leave twenty thousand piastres on his desk, and you will bring the commission away with you. You, Pacheco, purchase the handsomest house in Palermo, and have engraven on its door, "The Palace of Don Sylvio." The rest await me at Catana, while I repair to the fairy grotto.

CHORUS. (*Repeated.*)

Ever be happy and light as thou art,
Pride of the pirate's heart!
Long be thy reign
On the land, o'er the main,
By the glaive, by the chart,
Queen of the pirate's heart!

SCENE III.—*A Vast Grotto, hung round with flowers and the richest stuffs—from the ceiling are suspended crystal chandeliers of all colours, emitting sheaves of flame, which light up this voluptuous temple. Immense amber screens, worked in gold, enclose the further end of the Grotto. The riches of Europe and Asia appear to have been collected together in this strange abode, the ground of which is covered with a magnificent Turkey carpet.*

On a Greek bed of silver brocade, SYLVIO is lying still sleeping—a celestial music is played—when SYLVIO awakes by degrees, and the following chorus is heard :—

CHORUS.

Divinities to whom the wave
Existence gave !
Ye who from sparkling flame
To being came !
Ye who to bounteous earth
Do owe your birth !
Come hither and answer the call
Of one who is queen of ye all !

SYLVIO. (*opening his eyes*)

CAVATINA.—INTRODUCTION.

What spot is this ?—And what unearthly sound
Breathes such a charm of soft delight around ?
Oh if each sense be bound not in a dream,
On mortal gaze such light ne'er yet did beam !

AIR.

When this enchantment I behold !
These halls so bright that are—
The tablets of my heart unfold
Some scenes more lovely far :
Though lost for ever now is she
Who gave them such a grace,
Yet only one, like her, can be
The spirit of this place.

It is not that I hope to find,
 Though earth were traversed o'er,
 A being of that perfect kind
 Which met my sight before :
 But some resemblance there might be
 For memory to trace,
 If once mine aching eyes could see
 The spirit of this place.

CHORUS (*repeated.*)

Divinities to whom, &c.

[*At the termination of this Romance, the back of the Grotto opens, and STELLA appears on a brilliant throne, surrounded by a group of young beautiful Greek slaves—she wears a light kind of costume of gauze of rainbow blue and silver—on her head is a crown of stars, and a rose at her side—SYLVIO utters an exclamation, and falls at her feet.*

Sylvio. You heard me, then, and are still in existence?

Stella. Undoubtedly, since you see me here—besides, did I not promise I would appear to you in a dream? I always keep my word.

Sylvio. No, no, I dream not, this can be no illusion!

[*About to clasp her in his arms.*

Stella. (*retiring*) Approach me not, or I disappear for ever from your sight.

Sylvio. Is it to cause me fresh sorrow that you appear under this brilliant form?

Stella. As to form, we sorceresses have many at our command, and being free to choose, I selected the handsomest.

Sylvio. Well hast thou chosen, for nothing half so beautiful was ever seen before; and, I feel I would rather die than not see thee again.

Stella. You must live—live to accomplish your destiny. Before, however, I reveal the fate which awaits you, you must swear to obey me in every respect.

DUETT.

Stella. My presence still in calm or storm
 Shall aid to thee impart,
 And learn, that if I change my form,
 I never change my heart!

Sylvio. I swear obedience by the love I feel.

Stella. Ne'er from thy lip such word again must steal.

Sylvio. And why?

Stella. One day thou all shalt know,
 Meanwhile thou must unto Palermo go.

- Sylvio.* I will.
Stella. Unto thy palace!
Sylvio. What dost thou mean?
Stella. The noblest in that city to be seen,
 There a commission suited to thy mind,
 Which gives thee rank of captain, thou wilt find.
Sylvio. Of captain?
Stella. Yes, and three months hence will see
 Chieftain and general, thy rank will be.
Sylvio. What dost thou say?
Stella. And hence from four months' date,
 Behold the station which doth thee await.
 [SYLVIO turns round, and from the centre of the young
 slaves, he sees one of them advance, presenting him, on
 a cushion, a sceptre and a royal crown.]
Sylvio. (rubbing his eyes) A crown!
Stella. The crown of Sicily's before thine eyes.
Sylvio. My mind is filled with strange and deep surprise!

SOLO.

- The crown! the sceptre! which before me beam,
 I could but in a vision see,
 Enchanting creature, be the rest a dream,
 If thou art but reality.
 [Falling on his knees to STELLA.]
Stella. This is no dream—my promises recall,
 And thou shalt find that I will keep them all.
Sylvio. Angel of beauty and of peace the same—
Stella. Thy guardian angel is a fitter name!
 If danger threaten, or grief you fear,
 In hour of sorrow you will find me near:
 But happy once, and far from peril free,
 Her whom you gaze on, you no more will see.
Sylvio. At such a price misfortune be my lot,
 Bound by thy spell on this beguiling spot.
Stella. (aside) Too much of this! (then to SYLVIO.)
 Here take this fragrant rose,
 Its perfume to thy heart will bring repose—
 And if thou should'st not lose it, it will be
 A charm for ever to remember me!

[*SYLVIO presses the rose to his heart and then to his lips—when suddenly his eyes become dim, and his limbs tremble—STELLA gracefully leads him to the seat on which he had been lying, and he sinks into a profound sleep—STELLA regards him for a moment with a lively emotion, and then sings the opening motive of the duett.*

My presence still in calm or storm
 Shall aid to thee impart,
 And learn, that if I change my form,
 I never change my heart !

[*On a motion from STELLA the pirates enter on all sides.*

Stella. (*pointing to SYLVIO asleep. To Palermo !*

Ramir. (*aside, and placing his hand on his dagger.*) She loves him !—
 and I was not deceived.

[*The pirates surround SYLVIO, the Greek slaves range themselves around STELLA, and the curtain falls on this tableau.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A tent of an encampment near the sea, in the plains of Alicant.*

D. PEDRO.—*1st Officer.* Gentlemen, here's the health of the bravest officer in the Regent's army, Colonel Sylvio.

All. Colonel Sylvio.

Sylvio. I may be more fortunate than others, but cannot be braver.

2d. Officer. Whence comes all thy good fortune?

Sylvio. As I am sure my friends will not repeat it to the Inquisition, I may as well let you into the secret, that your comrade, Col. Sylvio, is bewitched.

All. By the devil?

Sylvio. No—by an angel, who, for the last three months has led me by the hand to glory and good fortune.

D. HER.—*2d Officer.* Hast seen her?

Sylvio. Yes; I have seen her—in a dream.

D. HER.—*2d Officer.* No matter, our friend has had a delightful dream, in three months Captain and Colonel!! We should all like to have the same kind of dreams.

[*They hear the morning call beat, and all exeunt except SYLVIO.*]

Sylvio. My whole life's a mystery—and whether far or near, some kind genius watches over, and protects me.

Mathanasius (entering and hearing these last words) What, you're caught at last, are ye? you do then believe in supernatural beings?

Sylvio. How can I do otherwise, my dear doctor? and you to question me respecting this change of fortune, which you can't comprehend any more than I can.

Mat. Comprehend! I should like to know who can? a stranger comes and tells me you are waiting for me at Palermo, when I left you for dead on a mountain in Abruzzi. I set off, and on my arrival, find you as sound asleep as if nothing had happened.

Sylvio. Then a Captain's commission, and in two months after, the rank of Colonel sent me by the Regent of Sicily; but I rather suspect my faith in my guardian angel is in danger of being broken: in three months I was to be made "General"—the third month expires this very day, in a few minutes, and I am only Colonel.

An OFFICER Enters.

A messenger with despatches from the Regent.

[*Exit.*]

A Page enters and respectfully presents a sealed dispatch to SYLVIO, who seems stupified.

Sylvio. (*Looking at the Page—breaking the seal, and unfolding*

the commission of a General) My doubts were premature, (*almost beside himself to MATHANASIOS*) I AM General ! the Regent gives me this step for service rendered to the army—the Sorceress has kept her word again—but good heavens, doctor, (*looking fixedly on the Page*) is this an illusion ?—look at that youth, do you trace no resemblance to any one ?

Mat. Yes, he's the image of the apothecary's boy at St. Michael.

Sylvio. Absurd, (*agitated.*) Those loved features—those bright and eloquent eyes recall—(*to the Page*) My good youth, pray tell me who you are ?

Page. One of the Regent's Pages, who has obtained his prince's leave to bring you this commission, to have an opportunity of serving under your banner, general.

Mat. Here's a pretty devil of a warrior for you,—a terrible affair for the Neapolitans.

Stella. More terrible than you seem to imagine, and I'd advise you to keep a respectful distance from my sword.

Mat. What a regular fire brand—he'll settle all our enemies.

Stella. Oh, as to your enemies, there's only one I am afraid of, and I'll tell you who *that* is.

SONG.

A youthful knight, whose hopes were bent
On glory's high career,
Arrayed himself, and forth he went,
A dauntless cavalier !
Against each foe, upon each field,
He bore a gallant part ;
But there was one who would not yield,
And that was—woman's heart.

The noble youth, still undismayed,
Determined not to flee—
Though if the truth be told, afraid
That he might vanquished be :
Oh never be it said, he cried,
I bore a recreant part ;
And fighting still for what he sighed,
He captured woman's heart.

Sylvio. (*in amazement*) 'Tis strange—even that very voice, though somewhat of a more manly tone, resounds in my heart like a distant echo of her's I so much love.

Mat. I say, youngster—what's the court gossip about just now ?

Page. No great good, I fear—between you and me—but you must not betray me—the nobility, as well as the people, are getting tired

of our Regent, and of the favors he bestows on his worthless parasite, the infamous Galdas.

Mat. That Regent, I hear, is a devil of a fellow, running after all the girls, wasting the people's money in fetes and fooleries, and selling all sorts of places and appointments to get more.

Sylvio. (*pointing to the Page*) The more I hear him speak, the more I seem to have heard such accents before. (*To MATHANASIOS*) Do you know any voice like that youth's?

Mat. It sounds very like that of Boniface, the young butcher boy; (*joyfully*) but I must hasten and tell them all of your further advancement. It saves a great deal of trouble to have a stepping-stone to one's saddle.

[*Exit MATHANASIOS.*]

Sylvio. The doctor has taken leave of his senses to a certainty, and I fear I shall lose mine.

Page. What makes my general look so melancholy?

Sylvio. I'll tell thee. The fondest and most delightful recollections of my life are called up by thy presence, and the more I gaze on thee, the more I seem to trace in thee the adored feature of a girl—

Page. (*suddenly stopping him*) General, permit me to say that amounts almost to an insult.

Sylvio. I acknowledge my error; but if thou wouldst only know — yet, after all, thou art a youth, whose heart is not worn out, like that of my old doctor, and thou can'st understand the pangs of love.

Page. You love her then fondly?

Sylvio. Love her! (*impassionately*) as man ne'er loved before.

Page. (*in a softened tone*) I believe it all, and feel sure you are loved in return.

Sylvio. Good heavens! a tear!—and that tender look—answer and deceive me no longer—who art thou?

Page. I have already told you, general, I am but a simple page; but if I might presume to give you advice, it is in your power to become the idol of the soldiers, and the people as well, by saving Sicily.

Sylvio. What mean you?

Page. Listen. I have heard by chance, that in a few hours the fleet which landed the Neapolitans on the shores of Sicily, will be all on fire, and by falling suddenly on them, not one will ever return.

Sylvio. This would be the glory of the army and myself as well, and I can scarcely believe what I hear.

Page. A few minutes more, and you will be convinced.

[*Loud noise outside, and MATHANASIOS runs in pale and dismayed.*]

Mat. A revolt has broken out in the camp, and the soldiers, instigated by a stranger, refuse to obey orders, unless they are paid their arrears—the old go—no pay, no fight.

Sylvio. And who is this stranger?

Mat. They're bringing the fellow this way—here he is.

Officer. Behold the wretch, who basely sought to excite a mutiny.

Sylvio. Is this the truth?—have you then been exciting the troops to mutiny, when they should fight?

Ramir. Your soldiers are in the right—if you would make them loyal, give them their hard earned pay.

Page. (*Aside to Ramir.*) Wretch! this is then your deed.

Ram. (*Pointing to Sylvio.*) Impelled by vengeance, the troops through me, have conspired against him.

Page. And what has been his crime?

Ram. (*Aside to Page.*) His love for you. A crime that will never be pardoned by me.

Sylvio. Comrades, pause a moment, this very night glory again will crown your efforts. In honour's name seize once more your colours and fight with him who fought with you before.

Soldiers. Gold! gold! our due—our pay.

Sylvio. The coffers of the state are empty.

Page. But yours are full.

Sylvio. I've not a coin on earth.

Page. Except these Ducats, I was charged to bring you.

(*On a sign from the Page the curtains from the tent are withdrawn, and four men enter, carrying two coffers of gold, which they lay at Sylvio's feet.*)

Mat. More magic still.

Ram. 'Twas rumoured the state had no more means.

Page. This is our own.

Ram. Our gold?

Page. (*Aside to Ramir.*) It is your fault that they rebelled, and thus through you, I have quelled the outbreak, fulfilled my father's wishes, helped to pile fortune and glory o'er his path, and hope to raise him to a still loftier height.

Sylvio. Soldiers, this gold is yours—your arms are mine.

Page. March then to battle, for these flames reflected from the shore, declare the fleet of Naples is destroyed.

Here the reflection of the flames light up the tent through the opening of the curtains.

Sylvio. My mind is perplexed, this is some new marvel.

Page. In this emblem—find an explanation.

[*Throwing a rose at Sylvio, and suddenly disappearing.*]

Sylvio. 'Twas she! 'twas she! the web she weaved around me, has charmed, but not deceived my senses. My honour bids me follow not her spell. (*To Soldiers.*) To arms! *Soldiers.* (*Flourishing their weapons.*) To arms, and victory as well!

CHORUS.

Down with the tyrant, whose vile yoke
O'er us so heavily hath weighed;
Be ev'ry chain of bondage broke
By hands that were for freedom made!

(*All rush out following SYLVIO, amidst the beating of drums, the firing of cannons and the sound of martial music.*)

SCENE 2d.—*The Pavilion of Myrtles—a circular room with doors, R. L. and C. of simple grandeur, decorated with myrtles in full bloom, various subjects painted on all the panels.—On the R., a table with a rich cover, on which is a silver bell, and a hammer to strike it with—it is lighted by a crystal globe, hanging from the arched roof.*

(*GALEAS enters, mysteriously, looking about on all sides, and satisfying himself that no one is in the pavilion, he gives a signal, on which six assassins make their appearance at R. door.*)

Gal. (*to them*) Lie in wait near the pavilion, and when you hear this bell sound, rush in—you will find two men here, one of whom must be your victim.

[*Here the L. door mysteriously opens, and STELLA appears, unseen by either GALEAS, or the six assassins.*

Chief. Assas. Which?

Gal. (*perplexed what answer to make*) Which?—He of the two who has neither order, or insignia of honor on his breast.

[*STELLA, who has overheard this, closes the door and disappears.*

Chief Assas. Be it so,—blood for gold,—that's our trade.

The Assassins exeunt by the door as they entered.

Gal. The Regent's commands are obeyed,—now he may come—Ah!—here he is.

[*Pointing to the C. door by which the Regent enters.*

Duke. Well, where are thy men?

Gal. They are there.

Duke. What care I for this Pretender, Don Paul, so that the army be for me. To-morrow, Galeas, my coronation takes place, and who can then dispute the throne with me?

Gal. No one undoubtedly, Sire—and yet, it is scarcely to be believed, that the people, though twenty years have now passed, are not yet persuaded of the death of Don Paul, son of your kinsman, Don Pedro the first.

Duke. He is dead—but enough of that, let us talk of the beautiful stranger, who some time since made the singular offer of burning the Neapolitan fleet, in exchange for the commission of a General for that child of fortune, young Sylvio of St. Michael.—I would give half my kingdom to see her again.

Gal. The more so, as she has kept her word. For the Neapolitan fleet has been burned, they say, by a pirate vessel gliding in the midst of their ships.

Duke. You can easily believe then that my love for this stranger is increased by my gratitude.

Gal. Reserve some of it for General Sylvio, who falling suddenly upon the Neapolitans, has delivered Sicily of them forever.

Duke. Instead of gratitude, I feel the deadliest hatred for him; for that stranger is perhaps in love with him, of which I am as jealous, as of his renown.

Courtiers and Guests enter.

Gal. Your highness, the fête commences.

Joyous music is played, and a Divertissement takes place, ending with a brilliant ensemble; the courtiers and masks gradually disappear at different entrances, the Duke descends from his throne, and advances with Galeas.

Duke. I do not see my fair unknown, though she promised to be present at this fête.

Gal. Bear in mind, my liege, that he whom you expect, will be here to his time.

[Pointing to the R. door.]

Duke. We are proceeding to extremities—I will question him myself, and if he hesitates in his replies,—if by any strange chance, he—whom I, believe to be dead, for the last twenty years—should come to life in his person, one blow on this bell, rids me of him forever!—*(taking GALEAS by the arm)*—Hush!

Listen ! Didst hear any thing at that door ?—(*pointing to the l. door.*)

Gal. I may as well make certain.

[*He clasps his dagger, opens the door, and finds himself face to face with STELLA, who appears wrapped up in a domino.*

Duke. You here, madam ?

Stella. (*with a trembling voice*) Your pardon, my liege, but, on leaving the fête, in search of my retinue, I have lost myself in your gardens,—and thought this was the way out,—I crave leave to retire.

Duke. Stay, madam, stay.

Withdraw, and I will answer for all.

[*Exit GALEAS, by the c. door.*

Duke. I am grateful for any occurrence that brings me once again near you, of whom I have never ceased to think from the first moment I saw you.

Stella. (*coquettishly*) It is your gallantry which would persuade me I have committed no indiscretion in entering here—permit me to retire ?

Duke. Oh ! stay, fair creature.

Stella. I cannot—I am waited for.

Duke. Some lover ?

Stella. Why not ? if I meet one who's just suited to my mind.

Duke. Hear me, fair unknown. I love you. I, who, to-morrow, will be King of Sicily.

Stella. That threatening air,—those tones,—inspire me with fear, instead of love.

Duke. (*softening*) Pardon me,—to think another should possess such charms, must plead my excuse.

Stella. Another ! Be sure, my liege, I am not worth one thought of that only being, I can ever love.

Duke. And tell me why ?

Stella. His rank and station are an eternal bar, to all such prospects.

Duke. Love knows no obstacles. My throne and sceptre, I now lay before you, with my heart and hand.

Stella. I refuse them. Your rank and state have no charms for me ; in those attributes I see only a lord who sways, not a lover who should sue.

Duke. A childish notion—but that I may prove how much I prize each wish of her I love, these idle gewgaws I resign at once, to show *my* power cannot equal *thine*.

[*The DUKE takes off the orders with which he is decorated, places them on the table, and falls at STELLA's feet.*

Stella. Thus at my feet, you are more prized by me, than were you surrounded by estate or grandeur.

Duke. Then you are mine, and you accept this hand.

Stella. (*coquettishly*) That we shall see!

Duke. Oh, let me here impart, my fondest wish, my burning passion.

[*The DUKE has risen, seized the hand of STELLA, who escapes from him, and is rushing after her, when the clock strikes eleven, and SYLVIO appears at the door.*

Duke. Heavens! he here! and I not alone to receive him?

Sylvio. What do I behold? Gracious Providence! my fair unknown!—this time, at least, she shall not escape me.

Duke. (*to SYLVIO*) Rash youth! this young girl is under the protection of the Regent of Sicily, and no one else has the right so to address her.

Sylvio. It is to her, whose power is only surpassed by her beauty, that I owe every thing in the world! Besides, she gave me a rendezvous here, at this very hour, and I am here by her orders.

Duke. It is not *she*, but *I* who ordered you here.

Sylvio. (*to STELLA*) Is that true?

Stella. It is.

Duke. (*pointing to STELLA*) And if the lady will condescend to leave us, you shall know the object of this meeting.

Stella. Why so much mystery, my liege? I know all you are about to say to him, so you may speak without any fear before me.

Duke. I cannot—the safety of the state forbids.

Stella. Rather say—*your own*! I will say what *you* are afraid to utter.

Duke and Sylvio. How?

Stella. Twenty years since, Don Pedro the First, King of Sicily, died, leaving a son, Don Paul, heir to that throne, of which the grandees of the kingdom have nominated you—Regent.

Duke. Be silent, madam !

Stella. I will speak, and will proclaim to all Sicily, that instead of being a second father, and a protector to this child, you sought to be his executioner ; that you entrusted him to mercenary hands to take away his life ; that saved by a miracle, he is still alive ; and that Don Sylvio, of St. Michael, General of the Sicilian army, here present, is that very Don Paul the first sovereign ruler of the kingdom of Sicily, to whom these regal decorations belong !

[Taking up the insignia of the Regent from the table, and placing them on the shoulders of DON SYLVIO.]

Duke. (enraged) The throne is mine, and this pretender shall never ascend it !

Stella. What shall prevent him ?

Duke. His death ! *(striking on the bell.)*

[The R. door immediately flies open, and the assassins appear—they hesitate but for a moment, then, seeing the Regent without any decoration, rush upon him—stab him, and drag him off.]

Sylvio. What means this ?

Stella. Justice ! for he would have assassinated you !!!

[Here the bells of Palermo are heard in full peal—shouts and the firing of cannon, and full rejoicing—then the people with torches, led by the Pirates, enter in large bodies—STELLA exclaims.]

Stella. Behold your king ! In one hour you shall have proofs, that the brave Sylvio, conqueror of the Neapolitans, and chosen one of the people, is the son of Don Pedro, heir to the throne ; and rightful King of Sicily.

People. Huza ! Huza !

Don Paul for ever !

[The flames are still blazing at the Palace, in the distance.]

CHORUS.

Honour and homage to our king,
Whose reign may glory bring ;
And long may Heaven bless the sway
Of him, by us adored,
Of him, to us restored,
On this auspicious day.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The vestibule of an inn, situate in one of the Faubourgs of Palermo—it is open at the back, with a distant view of the city.*

Enter RAMIR.

RECITATIVE.

Don Paul, some moments hence, the proudest crown will wear
Which fate bestows!
And Stella, loved, and loving him, that diadem will share
To her he owes—

AIR—RAMIR.

“She loves him! o’er that youthful form
“I’ve watched while other’s slept—
“When round us raged the wildest storm
“That watch more firmly kept:
“With thoughts which neither tongue nor pen
“Have ever dared avow,
“And what I felt as brother then,
“I feel as lover now.

“She loves him! that absorbing spell
So fond, so true, so deep,
“Is one which those alone can tell,
“Who smile when they should weep.
“That smile which often doth bespeak
“A happy heart, and gay;
“While tears upen the self same cheek
“Are wasting it away.

Ram. Here are our men coming, whom she has summoned to this lonely inn—what further orders has she to give them?

[*The Pirates, wrapped up in dark cloaks, here enter mysteriously at each side.*]

(CHORUS *in half tone.*)

Hither we come, at our lady's will,
 And whether in crowded hall,
 By lonely inn, or ruin'd wall,
 We hear that chieftain's call,
 Thither we go, her wish to fulfil.

[*At the end of this morceau, STELLA enters, enveloped in a cloak, under which she wears an elegant Sicilian costume—the Pirates all uncover—STELLA advances in the midst of them.*]

RECITATIVE.

My brave companions, who so oft have shared
 In perils past, and death as oft have dared
 For me, as for my father—(for by you
 Fulfilled is now the task he had in view ;)
 Dear as you were to him, you ne'er could be
 More loved by Tellés than you are by me.

CHORUS OF PIRATES (*as in Act I.*)

[*Surrounding STELLA, and affectionately kissing her hands and garments.*]

Ever be happy, and light as thou art,
 Pride of the Pirate's heart—
 Long be thy reign
 On the land, o'er the main,
 By the glaive, by the chart,
 Queen of the Pirate's heart.

SOLO.—STELLA.

My task is ended, and again
 Return we to the boundless main ;
 The safest place, the only home
 Where exile hath the power to roam ;
 Within whose unpolluted breast
 He takes, unwatched, his final rest.

CHORUS (*repeated.*)

Stella. Meet me all to-night, at the chapel of St. Marie Majeure,
 where we will embark to join our vessel.

Ram. How can you talk of going hence, when Sicily's King will
 undoubtedly offer you his hand and throne ?

Stella. (sorrowfully) The daughter of Juan Tellés, can never be
 the wife of Don Paul.

Ram. But your father was the Count de Santo Major, a descendant of one of the most illustrious families of Spain—but persecuted, and banished from his country, he became a Pirate under the name of Tellés, to revenge himself on his ungrateful country.

Stella. (*haughtily*) I have not forgotten that, but the king of Sicily must be matched more brilliantly than with the now obscure Stella.

Ram. And why?—You love him!

Stella. I am accountable to heaven alone for my feelings—I may however tell you that, apprehensive of Don Paul's desire to detain me near him, should we meet again, I feared to take him the declaration of the deceased minister of his father, which constitutes his right to the throne, and wanting which, he cannot reign this day, and I therefore entrusted it to my faithful Nuguez, Pacheco, and Theobaldo, the three bravest and most devoted of our band, to deliver into his hands.

Ram. They must use all dispatch then, for the people have already begun to look upon Sylvio as an impostor, and unless he can prove his birth, his death will be the consequence.

Stella. Good heavens!—Yet I have no doubt that Nuguez has e'er now placed this authentic document in the Prince's own hands.

[NUGUEZ rushes in, pale and bleeding, and falls at the feet of STELLA.]

Nug. (*in a dying voice*) Par—don! par—don!—

Stella. Gracious powers!—Nuguez here! wounded and dying!

[Here all the Pirates surround NUGUEZ, and support him in their arms.]

Stella. Where is Pacheco?

Nug. Dead!

Stella. And Theobaldo?

Nug. Three balls pierced his heart!

Stella. And thee, wretched man!

Nug. Wounded in the breast, they left me for dead; and with great difficulty I dragged myself hither to tell our misfortune.

All. Speak! speak.

Nug. That paper was taken from me in an infamous ambushade, planned by the villain Galéas, confidant of the late Regent.

Stella. Then all is lost!

Nug. Galéas himself robbed me of it.

Ram. Galéas!—and what has become of him?

Nug. He re-entered the fortress, at the foot of which we were attacked.

Ram. Which fortress has not surrendered, and is still in the hands of the Regent's friends.

Stella. (*despairingly*) All is over! without that writing Don Paul will be treated as an impostor, deprived of his throne, and his life fall a sacrifice!

Ram. Such fate awaits him, and Galéas has too surely destroyed so important a document.

Stella. Oh, no, Gaëlas will keep it as a treasure, for it will furnish him with a claim to favor, if his party triumphs, and to pardon, if they are overthrown.

All. To arms! to arms!

[*NUGUEZ is borne out by a Pirate, who returns.*]

Ram. Impossible! what could a handful of men, like you, do against a citadel, well defended? this writing may be recovered, but neither by force nor violence.

Stella. (*anxiously*) How then?

Ram. By stratagem,—by getting at Gaëlas, and seizing it.

Stella. That is hopeless.

Ram. I can manage it, for nature has endowed me with the faculty of disguising myself beyond the possibility of detection.

Stella. Do that, and you will be the noblest and most generous of men.

Ram. (*taking STELLA aside*) No, the fondest!

Stella. What mean you?

Ram. That I put a price on this service, for I risk my life in doing it, and to save Don Paul!!

Stella. And what price?

Ram. Your hand!

Stella. My hand?

Ram. Promise to bestow it on me, if I return from this terrible expedition.

Stella. Wretch! (*aside*) Oh! torture insupportable! to belong to one who is odious to me, or, to cause the death of one whom I adore—for it is all my doing,—I, it was, who beguiled him from his tranquil solitude, to expose him to this fearful position.

Ram. Decide—for time presses.

Stella. (*with emotion*) Take pity on me!

Ram. Your answer?

Stella. My answer! (*aside*) May heaven inspire me with courage to give it, for it affects a life dearer to me than my own! (*pauses, then turns to RAMIR*) Return with that document which has been taken from us, and my hand, my faith, are yours!

Ram. You swear it?

Stella. I swear it!—one word more. What time do you require to execute this project?

Ram. Two hours. In two hours I shall either be no more, or with Don Paul in the King's palace.

Stella. I will await you there, for I shudder to think of the danger which may befall the Prince in that brief space!—begone! (*then turning to the body of Pirates*) You meet me at the Chapel of St. Marie Majeure at eight to-night!

[*Exit STELLA.*]

Ram. (*putting on a monk's dress*) Death without her—or happiness with.

CHORUS (*to RAMIR.*)

May he who shields not freedom's foes,
 Guide well thine arm, direct thy blows—
 And hurl them at that recreant slave
 Whose soul will quail to one so brave!

[*RAMIR exits, followed by Pirates.*]

SCENE II.—*The King's Cabinet in the Palace of Palermo—on the O. P. side, a table with writing materials on it—on P. S. a window looking out on the public square—in the flats, immense doors of stained glass, opening on an extensive gallery.*

Don P. At length the destiny, which this strange and lovely creature promised me, is about to be accomplished—some moments more, and I shall be King of Sicily! (*rises*) Still, while such allotment would crown the ambition of all other men, it conveys a feeling of sorrow to me—for those melancholy words she once address'd to me, perpetually recur to my memory:

"If danger threaten, or if grief you fear,
 "In hour of sorrow, you will find me near!
 "But happy once, and far from peril free,
 "Her whom you gaze on, you no more will see."

[*MATHANASIUS, runs in, pale and out of breath.*]

Mat. All is over with us!

Don P. Why, what's the matter?

Mat. Why, the matter is, that a deputation from the Senate, in the persons of three black looking fellows, is coming here.

Don P. For what?

Mat. For what? that's cool!—why, to declare you an impostor, to give you up to justice, and to hang the King of Sicily, as they would the worst of his subjects.

Don P. I fear nothing—what my protectress promised, she will fulfil.

Mat. (*beside himself*) Your protectress is an intriguing devil, who only made you king, to get some snug places out of you for her family—that's all!—

Don P. I am delighted to hear of any impending danger, for she promised never to leave me, but in prosperity, and, by your account, we are a long way off it.

Mat. We can't well be farther! and, now you're in a hobble, you'll see no more of *her*!

Don P. I shall.

Mat. You won't—mark my words! .

Don P. I shall—behold her here! (*with an exclamation, pointing to STELLA, who suddenly appears at a private door.*)

Don P. (*tenderly*) Do I again behold you? my heart told me you had not quite abandoned me!

Mat. (*advancing to STELLA*) Oh, gallantry, now, is all nonsense! I say young woman, fairy, hobgoblin, angel, devil, no matter what—of course, you know the pretty mess we are in, and I look to you, or your particular friend, Satan, to get us out of it!

Stella. Alas! I have never possessed that supernatural power you attribute to me—I am but a poor girl, bound by the solemn vow of a too guilty father, to repair the wrongs he inflicted on you.

Don P. Is it possible? and whence, then, those wondrous illusions, and thine unearthly power?

Stella. All that had but one object, to exalt your imagination and courage, strengthening you to undertake the glorious task which has made you the idol of the people, and paved your way to the throne.

Mat. (*trembling*) We shall have to step from that throne, as you call it, to the gallows! there they are! (*looking towards D. F.*) coming, no doubt, to clap us both under arrest!

Stella. All is not yet lost—those papers may be your's, but time is necessary, and should our project succeed, it will be two hours before we can obtain them!

Mat. (*in despair*) Two hours! why, we shall be hung three times a-piece, long before that! and that would be the *height* of inconvenience.

Enter LORD IN WAITING.

Lord. A deputation from the Senate, waits upon your majesty.

Stella. (*to DON PAUL*) Who are these men?

Don P. Some friends of the late Regent, libertines and sensualists like himself.

Stella. Just as it should be, such persons readily sacrifice duty for pleasure. Order a sumptuous repast, and leave the rest to me. (*whispers to MATHANASIVS.*)

Mat. Oh, certainly, if there's any eating going on, I am your man!

[*Exit quickly as the THREE SENATORS enter.*]

Sen. The people now assembled in the square of the Palace, murmur, and charge you with fraud and imposture; the Senate, therefore, require that, within an hour, Don Paul shall substantiate his right to the throne, or failing to do so, be declared guilty of treason, and suffer death!

Don P. Be it so, sirs, an hour will suffice me (*looking at STELLA*) to satisfy the people and Senate, and I wish that hour, of such anxiety to all, to be one of pleasure to us!

[*The SENATORS appear amazed at this reply, when the King's Pages enter, with refreshments, richly laid out, preceded by MATHANASIVS.*

Senators. What may this mean?

Don P. You will not refuse to drink to the health of your King, for I still *am* so, at all events, for an hour.

Stella. (*aside to DON PAUL*) Excellent!

Don P. Be seated, gentlemen, Don Paul *requests* you, and your King *commands* you!

First Senator. Be it so, (*turning an hour glass, which stands on the table*) but when the last grain of that sand shall fall, like the moment it indicates, into the abyss of time, we shall fulfil our duty, and either salute the heir of Don Pedro, or conduct a traitor to the scaffold.

Mat. He's taken away my appetite!

Stella. A banquet is not complete without music, and that part of the festivity, I will take upon myself.

[*All seat themselves, except STELLA, who stands near the table, and begins the following song, keeping her eyes fixed on the hour-glass.*

SONG.

Who has not heard, o'er vale and hill,
 When twilight melts away,
 The nightingale's melodious thrill,
 Salute the waking day?
 Tra, la, la, la,
 Tra, la, la, la.
 Each note of that enchanting song,
 On lip of echo floats along—
 The jealous thrush alarmed to find
 A rival near, will then repeat

Those tones so touching, and so sweet,
 With which, in shade
 Of yonder glade,
 The nightingale entrusts the wind—
 Tra, la, la, la,
 Tra, la, la, la.

[STELLA, *still anxiously watching the hour-glass.*

RECITATIVE.

Time flies on, and no tidings are yet heard of Ramir.

SECOND VERSE.

But, soon as morn has thrown its light,
 Along the verdant plain,
 The songstress waits till coming night,
 To swell that note again—
 Tra, la, la, la,
 Tra, la, la, la.
 And then, till dawn once more draws nigh,
 She warbles forth her melody;
 Its music falls upon the ear
 Of harmony, the sweetest sound
 Whereby our mortal sense is bound—
 And is the known—
 The only tone,
 Which, like its own, love sighs to hear!
 Tra, la, la, la,
 Tra, la, la, la.

Stella. (aside) The time is accomplished—the papers are not recovered—and all is lost.

SENATOR. (*rising*)

Enough—enough—our honour bids us take
 Those steps, which scenes of such enchantment break:
 The time is passed, and we fulfil our task,
 And yield to justice all that she should ask—
 Don Paul, we wait—

Stella. (aside) And is there, then, no hope?

Don P. (to SENATORS)

Sirs, I am ready.

[*The SENATORS are about to lead off DON PAUL, when a Pirate springs into the room, from the back, with a paper in his hand, which he gives to STELLA.*

Stella. Stay, my lords, and salute your King—here is the proof of his claim to the throne.

[*She gives the sealed paper to the Chief of the Senate, and turning round to see who brought it to her, exclaims, "Gracious Heavens!—it is not Ramir!"*]

[*The Chief of the Senate breaks the seal of the paper, and to a piano accompaniment of the orchestra, reads these words:*

We, Don Bartholomèò, formerly First Minister of the Kingdom of Sicily, having retired to an obscure solitude, to expiate our crimes, and being on the eve of quitting this life, confess before Heaven, to have committed, with the connivance of the Regent, the enormous sin of entrusting to the hands of the pirate, Juan Tellés, Don Paul, the youthful heir to the throne, with a view to his death; but having since ascertained in this, our holy retreat, from the pirate himself, that, touched with pity for the child, he had spared its life, and had it secretly brought up; we swear, by our hopes of salvation, that the heir to the throne of Sicily, is Don Sylvio, of St. Michael—a refugee in the castle so called, situated in the Abruzzi mountains—and we entrust this authentic document to the accomplice of our crime, Juan Tellés, equally repentant as ourself, that he may use every possible means to repair the wrong we have done. Signed at Montenegro, in remission of our sins—Fra Bartholomèò.

Sen. (*bowing with great respect.*) My lords, with such testimony, the signature to which is known by us all, let us render homage to the son of our late sovereign—to our sovereign himself.

Don P. (*falling in transport at STELLA's feet.*) It is to you I owe my throne and life,—but I will never accept its crown, unless you partake it with me.

Stella. (*greatly agitated*) Sire,—in mercy, speak not to me thus!

Don P. My love—my faith—are yours—

Ram. (*suddenly appearing on the other side of STELLA.*) But your hand is MINE!

[*STELLA turns round, and utters a scream of terror on seeing him.*

Don P. (*to STELLA.*) Say, then, you will be mine.

Stella. (*with deep emotion.*) Go, Prince, go, and receive the homage of your subjects,—in a few moments hence you shall have my answer.

[*Here the Pages open the great doors at the back, and the SENATORS respectfully advance towards DON PAUL.*

Chief. The Senate, sire, await your pleasure.

[DON PAUL obliged to follow them, as they go out, leaves STELLA with a struggle, while she makes a farewell signal to him.

Mat. (to Attendants, &c., and drawing himself up with an air of patronage.) It depends entirely how you behave yourselves. [Exit.

STELLA rapidly sits down to the table, and writes a few words.

Ram. At the risk of my life, I made my way into the presence of Galéas, under the disguise of a mendicant monk, and presenting a poignard to his throat, I wrested that paper from him, and sent it to you by one of our men, while I staunched the blood that was streaming from my wound.

Stella. You are wounded, then?

Ram. In escaping from the citadel a shot hit me in the arm; I have, however, kept *my* word—will you keep yours?

Stella. Be at the Chapel of St. Marie Majeure on the sea-shore, at eight o'clock, and there you shall find your bride.

Ram. (overjoyed.) Ah! then I shall not have paid too dearly for so much happiness.

Stella. I ask but one last favour of you;—here are a few lines for the King—I entrust them to your honour—give them into Don Paul's own hand, and mine is yours.

[Gives the letter to RAMIR—STELLA exhibits signs of intense feeling, and instantly hurries off, followed by RAMIR.

SCENE III.—*The sea-shore—on the O. P. side, the Chapel of St. Marie Majeure, the Gothic portal of which projects on the stage, and to which several steps lead. The scene, which has a solitary and melancholy appearance, is lighted by a bright moon playing on the waves—a long-boat is made fast to the beach.*

[The Pirates enter, here and there, rolling in casks of spirits, bales of merchandize, &c. &c., with which they load the boat, and make other preparations for their departure.

CHORUS.

Adieu to fair Sicilia's strand,
Her skies of azure blue,
A brighter spot—a lovelier land—
The wanderer never knew!

Our home is on the sea,
 But e're we quit such scene,
 Pray upon bended knee,
 To heaven's virgin queen.

[As the Pirates exeunt, the doors of the chapel slowly open, and STELLA is seen to enter, dressed in a bridal costume, followed by some young girls, who, on a sign from her, re-enter the chapel.]

[Eight o'clock is heard to strike.]

Stella. Eight o'clock! It is the hour I appointed to meet Ramir; some one approaches—it is he, no doubt. Oh, how my soul sickens at the thought of this fearful marriage.

[A man wrapped up in a cloak, makes his appearance, and falls at STELLA's feet—his large hat falling off, discovers DON PAUL.]

Stella. *(uttering a violent scream)* Don Paul! You here? Can I believe mine eyes?

Don P. What occasions this surprise? Did you not, yourself, summon me hither?

Stella. I? never!—it is some mistake—some treachery, perhaps.

Don P. Nevertheless, a man came to me, on your behalf, urging me to repair to this chapel, by telling me that you, Stella—you, the daughter of Juan Tellés, or, rather, the daughter of Count de Santo Major, awaited me here, to be privately united to me.

Stella. Believe it not, Don Paul—such marriage is impossible! I am not my own mistress, I am the bride of another, I am no longer free!

Ram. *(suddenly appearing)* You are free, Stella, free to accept the illustrious hand offered you!

Stella. Ramir—Ramir here, and with such words upon his lip? No, no, I cannot believe it, it is some dream, from which 'twill break my heart to awake!

TRIO.—RAMIR.

The love, almost sublime, I felt,
 My heart hath tempered down—
 And all the hopes therein which dwelt,
 I must in memory drown!

(To DON PAUL, *with struggling feelings, pointing to STELLA.*)

That victim to another's fate
In wedding me had died—

DON PAUL and STELLA.

His lip is struggling to relate
The tale his breast would hide!

RAMIR (*to DON PAUL.*)

These words she penned to you, by doubt misled,
Through indiscretion, have by me been read.

[RAMIR reads the following words to a soft orchestral accompaniment.]

“Don Paul,—To possess you of the invaluable document which places you on the throne, an intrepid man braved death—claiming my hand as the reward of such action—but, the sacrifice once made, I shall not have fortitude to survive the loss of my affection for you—and the ocean wave will offer me the only refuge from such everlasting sorrow. Adieu, Don Paul—my latest thoughts will be on you.”

TRIO. (*continued*)

DON PAUL to STELLA.

You would have died for me? (*she averts her head.*)

RAMIR.

She had not paused—
And I, who prized her most, that death had caused.
I watched her childhood, both in grief and gloom,
Beheld her beauty burst into its bloom,—
And worshipping, as angels do above,
The pirate, thus, had never proved his love!
No, Stella!—no!—the grief your heart to lose,
The jealous pangs which sorrow oft imbues—
My almost superhuman thoughts for you,
I've learned, whate'er the torture, to subdue!

STELLA.

Ah! now I see, indeed, that, in thee, blend
The guardian of my youth—the brother—friend!

DON PAUL.

The sacrifice thy noble soul hath made,
By him who knows its worth can ne'er be paid.

RAMIR. (*wiping away his tears.*)

Ah ! make her happy, sire,—a gift so rare
That I—that Heaven confideth to your care ;
Stella, adieu !—adieu for evermore !

Stella. You leave me then ?

RAMIR. (*pointing to the Pirate's vessel, seen approaching.*)

Our vessel leaves the shore
Winged for a flight—through distant seas to plough,
The only home that's left the Pirate now !
I, once again, return to those who smiled,
Who prayed—who watched o'er thee, their darling child ;
I bear to them their lady's last farewell !

STELLA. (*greatly moved*)

Friends, in my heart your memory long will dwell !
[*At this moment is heard the distant repeat of the Pirate's chorus.*

CHORUS.

Ever be happy and light as thou art,
Pride of the Pirate's heart !—
Long be thy reign
On the earth,—o'er the main,—
By the glaive,—by the chart,—
Queen of the Pirate's heart !

Ram. List to each word,—each well remember'd tone—
They call on BOTH—but I return ALONE !
I join them now—one long and last adieu,—
Though leagued with THEM, my heart remains with you !

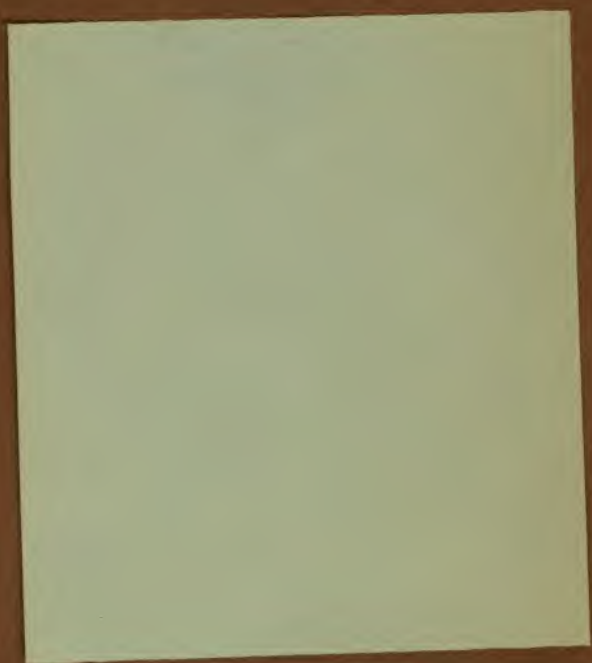
[*RAMIR clasps the hand of STELLA,—rushes into the boat. DON PAUL enfolds STELLA in his arms. The Pirate's chorus is again distinctly heard.*

CHORUS.—PIRATES.

Ever be happy and light as thou art,
Pride of the Pirate's heart !—
Long be thy reign
On the earth,—o'er the main,—
By the glaive,—by the chart,—
Queen of the Pirate's heart !

FULL CHORUS.

END OF THE OPERA.



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